

Finnigin to Finnnigan. sup'rintindint was Flangigan; Poss av the sictin wuz Finnigin; Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back Finnigh writ it to Finnigan.
Afther the wrick waz all on agin; That is, this Finnisin Repearted to Flamnigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan He writed tin pages, did Finnigin; An' he tould jist how the smash occurred Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd Did Finnigin write to Finnnigan Afther the cars had come on agic Reported to Flannigan.

Now Flannican knowed more than Christin He'd more idjucation-had Flannisan; An' it wore'm clane an' complately out To tell what Firmlein writ about In his writin' to Muster Flannigan. So he writed back to Finnigin: "Don't do sich a sin sgin; Make 'em brief, Finnigin!'

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan, He blushed rosy red-did Finnigin; An' be said: "I'll gamble a whole month

That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay Before Sup-rintindint (that's Flannigan), Gits a whack at this very same sin agin. From Finnighn to Flannigan Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin, On the road sup-rintinded by Flannigan A rail gave way on a bit av a curve An' some kyars wint off as they made the swerve.

"There's nobody hurted," ser Finnigin; "But repoorts must be made to Flannigan, An' he winked at McGorrigan, As married a Finnigin.

He wuz a-shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin, As minny a railronder's been agin, An' the shmoky of lamp waz burnin' bright In Finnfein's shanty all that night-Billn' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin! An' he writed this here: "Muster Flanni-

off agin, on agin, Gone agin.-Finnigin."

-R. W. Gillian. When Sara Plays Romeo. Sara Bernhardt is to play Romeo next season to Maud Adams' Juliet.—Press Dis-

When Sara plays bold Romeo to Maudie's We'll see the other mummers hump to keep the pace they set; As old Jack Falstaff, Edna May will trip

across the scene,
And staid Dick Mansfield must tog out as dear, petite Arline; Nat Goodwin as La Tosca would go thirsting

for revenge; As Tess could Irving, hunted, fice for shelter to Stone Henge.

The fad will beat the book-play craze, 'twill be the greatest yet. When Sara's playing Romee to Maudie's Juliet

Hal, as Topsy could John Drew Achieve a hit; and how Jean D'Arc would do

for Kyrle Bellew! As Portia, Joseph Jefferson could hardly fall Gillette as Cleopatra would be well worth

paying for,

And Mrs. Fiske as big Bill Sykes would crowded houses draw,

While Frederick Wards would make the best Nell Gwynne we ever saw. They all must get in line or find they're left out in the wet, When Sara's playing Romee to Maudie's

Juliet When Francis Wilson makes his bow as Little Eva we Will see Modjeska's Unde Tom, a thing

worth worth while to see!

And Ada Rehan, when again she chooses to Will wear a white and flowing beard and rave and storm as Lear.

May Irwin would be great as Wang, and H. As Desdemona couldn't fall to be 'way up There'll be things doing on the stage next

season, you can bet, When Sara's playing Romeo to Maudie's -Portland Oregonian.

A Jester's Song. In this mad world where kings are slaves And common folks are fools, The mitred priest his cross still waves

But 'tis the jester rules! Oh, crowns are made of sorry stuff, Which every huckster sells; Monarchs and monks—we've had enough— Long live the cap and bells! -New York Tribune,

July. July, for you the songs are sung By birds the leafy trees among; With merry carolings they woke The meadows at the morning break Is woven with their treetop glees: For you the prattling, pebbly brooks Are full of tales like story books. For you a fragrant incense burns Within the garden's blossom urns, Which tempts the bees to hasten home With honey for their honeycomb, The river, like a looking glass Reflects the fleecy clouds that pass,

And through the day the lisping breeze Until it makes us almost doubt If earth and sky aren't changed about July for you, in slience deep, The world seems fallen fast asleep, on one glorious holiday, When all our books are put away,



"What's the ole hoss a squeezing "isself up like that for, Pete? Is 'e 'avin' "Oh! 'e be orl roight, 'e be; yer see 'e's

Ally Sloper.

And every little maid and man Is proud to be American.

—Frank Dempster Sherman. Moon in July.

The sumachs, noiseless, by the still, hot Stand up as guards, with blood-red soldier How light the hill-blue, clear of cloudy

glooms! lone the land, with summer over flowed: Dry crickets grate; a bee takes larger load With low, pleased muttering, where the wild rose blooms;

The bovine breath of sleeping field per fumes. Warm air, with drifts of wavelde sploar -Helen Gray Cone.

Little Brother's "Hunch." So, you're goin' to marry my sister! She told us about it last night. And said if you wasn't se handsome You was otherwise jest about right. Ma looked sort o' wild for a minute I guess she was thinkin' of you— But pa only said that he reckoned "Twas mebbe the best she could do.

She gave us a sort of a sample
Of what you've been sayin' to her, Of love flowin' deep as the ocean An' heavens that never'd blur. Of how you believed her an angel Just loaned to the earth from the sky, But pa said she oughtn't to werry— You'd git over all that by an' by.

An' say now, she ain't a bad fellow As long as we let her be boss, 'Cept when she gits up in the mornin' She's apt to be snappy an' cross, reckon she's told you bout Harry That gave her the diamond ring, when she found it was bogue He got the elaborate fling?

Ma save she has heard you are flights An' somewhat inclined to be fast, But mebbe that after you're married You'll cut yourself loose from the past. Sis says its wild oats you are sowing, But she will jest gamble her boots That when you are cinched as her husbar You'll quit agriculchul nursuits.

There's one thing I'll say fur my sister, She never paints up fur a beau; Jest rolls up her foretop in papers, Fur frizzes become her, you know. An' ma seys regardin' her figgre She's lucky that she kin escape A-havin' a dressmaker help her Build up to presentable shape.

think when you git in the harness You're goin' to work double all right; She'll never kick over the traces If the marriage bandwagon runs light. est do the square thing an' you'll find he The sweetest old rose in the bunch. Don't tell her I've give you a hunch!

Sleep Is a Sea. Sleep is a sea; we leave the landmarks of the day, The song of birds, the bells of sheep, and drift away.

Sleep is a sea; the lights fade out along the Across hope's bar the floods of memory And now the sweet voice of the night is in our ears-Once out beyond the headland we forget

our fears.

Far out upon the tide the darkness soften grows: We fix our eyes upon a star, but no one knows The chartless track. Sleep is a sea; far, far the shore— Good night! We shall come back to yester

But, following the distant calling of the dcep. We set our sails and steer down, down to

down in sleep.

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson. In the Nineties. "Hot weather," the pessimist hollers, "And value are the hopes of man!" Thank heaven for rubber collars, And the old palmetto fan!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Tragedy. "I did call for thee, Fair Queen," He said. "Yes, oft and oft I called

And oft and oft I bawled, And could have won the fight, I ween, If thou hadst come to me, Fair Queen, He said,

"And oft I called for thee, Dear Jack," She said,
"Yes, oft I've wooed, and sang,
And could have beat the whole shebang,
If thou hadst quit the measiy pack Of idlers, and had come to me, Dear Jack," She said,

III. Thus Queen of Diamonds, and the Diamond Growled at each other in the musty pack But the game was lost and the say was said, So they fell into the jackpot dead. -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Nonsense Song. Oh, Topsy Toodles, come with me To a wonderful land beyond the sea; The mysterious Land of Fiddle-de-des, Where a thousand million wonders be: Where a lark can bark, And a cow can bow,

Where a kite can write, And a pig can dig. Where a goat can float, And a sheep can weep. Where an owl can scowl, And a rook can cook, Where a snake can make

And put it in a stove to bake; Oh. come with me, oh, come with me; Oh, Topsy Toodles, come with me. -Carolyn Wells,

Swing, Cradle, Swing. Baby is a sailer boy, Swing, cradle, swing; Sailing is the sailer's joy, Swing, cradle, swing.

Chorus. Swing, cradle, swing, cradle, swing, cradle swing; Swing, cradle, swing, cradle, swing, cradle swing.

Snowy sails and precious freight, Swing, cradle, swing; Baby's captain, mother's mate, swing, cradle, swing; Never fear, the watch is set,

Swing, cradie, swing; Stormy gales are never met, Swing, cradle, swing. Little eyelids downward creep; Swing, cradle, swing; Now he's in the cove of sleep,

Swing, cradle, swing.

She can be as wise as we, And wiser when she wishes; She can knit with cunning wit And dress the homely dis She can flourish staff or pen.
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men. And touch with thrilling fingers.

Match her ye across the sea, Natures fond and fiery; Ye who sest the turtle's nest With the eagle's syrie. Boft and loving in her soul, Swift and lofty soaring, Mixing with its dovelike dole Pastionate addring nate adoring.

Buch as she who'll match with me? In flying or pursuing, Bubtle wiles are in her smiles To set the world a-wooing. She is steadfast as a star, And yet the maddest maiden he can wage a gallant war. And give the peace of Eden.

In Passing. The weather sure is trying,
But to blame it we are loth,
While the mint is in the jules
And the straw is in 'em beth!



AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ANGLO-AMERICAN TRADE. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, speaking at the great Anglo-American banquet, said: "There can be no jealousy between America and England, because it is not lost what a friend gets."-London Daily Express.

Name of the First State. A dapper young negro applied at the Treasury Department for a position. "What can you do?" asked one of the "Anything, sah, anything."

"What State are you from"
He drew himself up proudly. "T'm from
the first State in the Union, sah." "New York?" "No, sah; Alabama, sah." But Alabama isn't the first State in the "Alphabetically speaking, sah; alphabeti-cally speaking."—Washington Star.

Jimmy: "Me cousin 's one uv de four hun Mickey: "Aw, dat's nuthin'. Me brudder s one uv de nine."-Judge. "If oysters are to be ostracised in month

stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"
"No, sir," replied the funny man on the
Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him. -Colorado Springs Gazette.

The French patriot beat his breast. "Mon dieu!" he cried. "After all my serv-less to my country, to be denied the boon of being voted a public enemy? Mais parbleu! Toutefois, on avant! Eau de vie, garcon! One may still clash with the police by getting drunk and disor-derly.—Detroit Journal.

Mermaid's Cory Corner. Neptune approached the subject with evident relactance. Placing his hand to his lips he blushed and coughed slightly, as indicating that he spoke



FEMININE ECONOMY. She: "I'm glad you like my hat; I bought it at Leather's store, a six dol-

lar hat, reduced to five." "But saw the same thing at Dasher's for four." She: "Yes, but Dasher's does not make a reduction."

without and R," remarked the Observer of of it at all only because he felt it to be his Events and Things, "why should not sausages be shunned in dog days?"-Yonkers

De Tanque: "I once lived on water for ten O'Soaque: "Why didn't you take one of the fast boats across?"-Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. B.: "Have you any near relatives, Norah: "Only an aunt, mum; an' she isn't what you might call near, for it's in New Orleans she lives, mum."—Harlem Life,

Mr. Perkins: "Miss Simpson, my heart holds a great secret, but I feel timid about confiding it to you. Miss Simpson: "Well, Mr. Perkins, I can't help you out any; the man who proposes to me, Mr. Perkins, shan't have a chance to

throw it up to me that I led him on."-Chicago Record-Herald. It was late, and getting later.

However, that did not stop the sound of nuffled voices in the parlor.

Meantime the gas meter worked steadily. The pater endured it as long as he could, and then resolved on heroic measures.
"Phillis," he called from the head of the

"Girls," he finally said, "I see that ship leaded with pitch has shifted her cargo and gone to the bottom off Atlantic City."

"What's that to us?" chorused the mer-

maids, glancing up sharply from a game of bridge whist. "Well," replied the sea god, as he coughed again, "I would respectfully suggest that you be very careful where you sit down." But the click-click of the coral chips was the only response he heard,-New York Marine Journal.

Papa's Definition. "Pa, what's a poet?"

"He's a man who can write stuff that makes you believe that misery is happiness and then turn around and write more stuff that makes you believe that happiness is misery."-Indianapolis Sun.

A Restful Function. "Deaf and dumb trolley parties are the

latest." "What are they?" "What are they?"
"A lot of talkative women ride around town in the street cars all evening, and the one who speaks first pays for the ride and the ice cream."—Chicago Record-Her-

A REMARKABLE BIRD DOG.

"Talking about bird dogs," said the man with the shifty eye, in the rear seat of the trolley car—and nobody had said a word about bird dogs or any other kind of dogs— I had the most remarkable bird dog that ever happened, I guess, when I was living out in Santa Barbara, Cal., in '95. I don't the matter with the butter.-Utica Obspose there ever will be the likes of that dog on this earth again. I raised him from a pup. He was a pointer from away back. It was just as natural for that dog to flop on to his haunches and point at a bird as it is for us humans to eat things that don't agree with us.

'He began to point before he had shed his milk teeth. I took him out for a walk one day when he was about two months old, and it took us about four hours to get over two miles of ground, for that dog would sit down and point at a bird about every 10 feet of our progress. It didn't make any difference what kind of a bird it was that he pointed at. He'd point at any old kind of a bird. If a little bunch of English sparrows would settle down in the mid die of the street he'd just sit down and point at them, and it was all I could do to get him to come along with me.
"He'd point at a robin sitting on top of

a cottonwood tree, and he'd point at a brahma rooster clawing up a flower bed in a front yard. Any old thing that had feathers on it that dog of mine would point at. Had him out one afternoon when a bald-headed eagle began to soar around above Santa Barbara, about three miles up in the air, and blamed if that dog didn' catch sight of the noble bird and squat down and point at it until I had to but him with a club to induce him to come

him with a club to induce him to come along with me.

"One day I had an aching tooth, and, I decided to go to a dentist and have the miserable molar yanked opt. I felt so bad that I took that pointer pup along with me for company on my way to the dentist's office, and when he got to the door he slipped into the office with me. Next thing I knew that pointer pup of mine was sitting back on his quarters, a pointing at a picback on his quarters, a pointing at a pi ture of some ruffled grouse that the dentist had on the wall of his reception room.

"In the course of time pointing got to be regular mania of that dog's, and I couldn't take him out for exercise very often on account of his habit of lagging behind to point at feathered things. Took him out one afternoon when he was about a year old, and a furniture van with a lot of pillows piled on top of some beds came One of the pillows was broken at along. the side and a lot of feathers escaped. That dog of mine saw the flying feathers, and blame me if he didn't sit down and point at that furniture van, Fact,

"But that wasn't the cutest thing he ever did. The cutest thing he ever did was one afternoon when I took him down to the Santa Barbara beach for a walk on the sand. I hadn't any sooner got him down to the beach than he sat down and began to point out to sea. I couldn't for the life of me make out what he was pointing at. There wasn't ary bird, not even a seagull, in sight. But he kept right on squatting there at the verge of the sea and pointing out over the water, and if ever a man was puzzled, then I was.

"At first I calculated that he might be mistaking the crests of the waves for feathers, but no, a little reflection con-vinced me that he wasn't any such a fool dog as to do a thing like that. Then I noticed that he was pointing directly at a white ship that lay out in the harbor, pulled out my field glasses and took a bo at the ship, and then the mystery was made clear. The ship he was pointing at was the U. S. man-o'-war Petrel," and then the man with the shifty eye executed a sudden leap and escaped from the car before his wrathful listeners could hop on him and macerate him.-Washington Star.

An Olenginous Tragedy. Just because a jar of butter was not up to the grade that those asked to purchase It felt they must insist on, two loving hearts have been rudely thrust asunder, and there are two large chunks of woe down in the southern part of the State. The scene of this oleaginous tragedy is the little hamiet of Rhine Creek, not far from Binghamton. The principals are Harry Davis and Ellen Johnson. These two live on adjoining farms. Some time ago Harry made the discovery that Ellen was about the best clining years of his life (Harry is "in his twenties," as the neighbors would put it), and resolved that he and Ellen must wed. About the same time Ellen woke up to the warm fact that Harry was It. When matters had progressed thus far the plot began

to reveal itself. At this point a group of villains, both he villains and she villains, came on to the stage from both sides, and began to in-terfere with the smooth progress of love's young dream by means of jeers and threats. The said villains were impersonated by the parents possessed respectively by Henry and Ellen. With much unnecessary harshness and with cruel disregard of the tender feelings of Henry and Ellen they declared in chorus that this must not be must not be, and that all was over between them. Red fire and a slow curtain on the tableau of Henry and Ellen roughly torn from each other's arms by their respective sets of parents. Ellen weeping and Henry sotto voce. So ends the first act of the tragedy.

The second act opens with Ellen under close parental surveillance and Henry, the faithful lover, stealing surreptitious interviews with his sweetheart. With appropriate gestures and to low, trembly music, the absent villains are defied and an elopement decided upon, to take place as soon as sufficient funds can be raised to pay the minister's fee. About this time Eilen is nearly prostrated with a sudden thought. It is not the fact that she has a thought, or yet that it was sudden that upset Ellen; she had thoughts before and some of them have been sudden. But the brilliancy of the present celebration almost prostrates Out in the milk room there is a jar of butter made by her own fair hands. is hers by every right, and they will take it to the city, sell it, and with the proceeds hereof start the merry marriage bells

a-ringing.
The third act opens in Binghamton. Henry and Ellen have come to town with their jar of butter in a wagon loaded by a sympathetic neighbor. They make the rounds of the various grocery stores, not forgetting the delicatessen shops and the fishmongers. But such a slack demand for outter at anything like living-to say nothing of marrying-prices was never known before. Gloom in thick layers began to debefore. Good in these layers began to descend on their hitherto buoyant spirits.

But this time it is Henry who does the brilliant thought act. He will go to the minister, tell him the joint desire of Ellen and himself, and tender him the jar of but-ter in lieu of a wedding fee. The minister's house was soon reached and the proposition hopefully submitted. The reverend gentle-man looked at Henry and looked at Ellen

and looked at the butter. While two hearts fluttered and palpitated the minister tasted the butter. Then he opined that Ellen was

too young to wed. It was a sad couple that turned their backs on Einghamton and headed for Rhine Creek. Ellen has returned to her father's house and Henry is doing the chores, as usual. And both are wondering what was

In Thy Bright Eyes. In thy bright eyes, sweetheart, in thy

bright eyes, I see the azure of the summer skies, And tust behind that field of liquid blue I see the echo of my love for you!

Ah, chide me not, dear one, that I should Thou lov'st but me-thine eyes have told But let me hear thee whisper, gently, low-Thou lov'st but me!

Then storms shall cease, then clouds shall swift disperse; And then no more in crude constructed verse

Shall I be wanting gas to find a rhyme To say what might be said in half the time. -Denver Times.

Compulsory Break. "Wonder why it was that Frank and Bertha broke off their engagement? understood it was all arranged, even to

he marriage day." Dick: "It was discovered that the wedding ring was made by nonunion labor, so the clergyman refused to perform the eremony, and no other minister in town dares to do it."-Boston Transcript.

No Chance for Him. "He'll never amount to anything as a golf player." "Why not?"

"He calls himself William" instead of Willie, "-Chicago Post. Applying the Rule. "But I only wanted one tooth pulled!" exclaimed the patient when she came out from under the influence of the gas and dis-covered what had been done.

"Quite right," admitted the dentist, pleasantly," but, of course, that new surgical rule applies to my profession as well,"
"What new surgical rule?"
"Why, a Judgo has decided that when a patient is under the influence of chloroform, so that he can't be consulted in the

matter, it is discretionary with the sur-

RAIDERS TOOK TO PREACHING.

An Epidemie of Religion Swept Over Mosby's Famous Command.

Colonel John S. Mosby, the famous confederate ranger, whose command was for years a menace to the Northern armies, was in the East recently and one of his friends was reminded of a characteristic story con-

cerning the famous fighter. Shortly after General Grant's election the former ranger chief was sent as Consul to Hong Kong. Here he remained a great many years. On his return to America he settled in San Francisco, where he is now practicing law. After a lengthy absence he visited his old home in the Shenandoah Valley and was heartily greeted by all his former friends and neighbors. Naturally, his greatest interest centered in the members of the old command and he made it his business to hunt up as many of them as he

could trace.

The first one whom he found lived in a little pursonage just out of Charlestown. The former trooper had experienced re-ligion and embraced the ministry. Pursuing his inquiries, Colonel Moshy found another of his troopers. To his astonishment he, too, was serving in the Lord's vineyard. The Colonel was surprised, but he didn't say anything. The next one whom he found was running a grocery store, but the fourth man was a preacher also, and so were the fifth and sixth and seventh. It appeared, in fact, that a perfect epidemic of religion had swept over the old command and that nearly 50 per cent of those who remained

alive had taken to preaching the gospel.

The Colonel, who is himself a religious man, was very much gratified at this exhibition, and, coming upon a group of the ex-treopera all in ministerial garb, be complimented them most heartily, adding:
"Well, boys, if you fight the devil like you

fought the Yankees, there will be something to record on judgment day."—Exchange.

Jack's Good Time Ashore.

Rear Admiral F. J. Higginson, U. S. N., who is the guest of the Young Men's Chris-tian Association Convention, and spoke at the army and navy meeting, on Wednesday night on "The Navy's Need and the Association's Response," told a story illustrating the work done for Jack ashore at the Young Men's Christian Association branch opposite the Navy Yard in Brook-

One old tar who had just returned from foreign service, and had drawn his back pay, amounting to \$700, went straight to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian As-sociation and deposited with him \$600 for geon to perform as many operations as he safekeeping, then proceeded to enjoy him-deems proper. Of course, I only intended self, sailor fashion, and returned to the as-

Next morning, when Jack had som

recovered and was ready to start for home,

he withdrew his money.
"Look here," he said. after counting it,

would now have only \$600. You have given

The mountaineers of the Blue Ridge are illiterate in secular learning, but you sel-dom find a household that is not well posted

in Scripture history. While they may not be able to read the text, they can quote passages from the Old and New Testaments

without number, are easer for theological controversy, are powerful exhorters and fervent in prayer. Some of the most ef-fective preachers can scarcely read or write. Their language is rude, but inspired by deep

motion. Northern people have fold me that

the most eloquent prayers they ever listened

to were offered by uncouth, uneducated mountaineers. This is a matter of pride

with them. Men who can pray eloquently and carry on theological controversies with

credit are quite as highly esteemed as those who excel in the use of the rifle or in ath-

described the squalld home that he came

from, the poverty, the ignorance and the privations of his parents. The boy was not

without pride and loyalty to his own fam-ily, and, looking up with a determined spirit.

he said:
"Mrs. Phillips, did you all ever hear my

"No," the woman answered in surprises "does he pray well?"
"Well," replied the boy confidently, "I reckon he can pray better'n he can do anythe woman answered in surprises

Yankee Check.

thing else."-Chicago Record-Herald.

father pray?"



"Are you fond of music, professor?" "Yes, very! But that's no matter-go shead and play?"-Helters Welt.

me \$348."

with \$50."-Boston Herald.

sociation building late in the crusing very happy and very drunk, but without a cent of the 150 he had started out with. He went at once to the secretary and asked for \$50, with which to centinue his spree, but the secretary, seeing his condition, gave him only \$2. examination convinced me it was wise to extract six. There certainly is no reason why the surgeons should have any more privileges than the dentists. Can't I sell you half a dozen false teeth now?"—Chicago Post.

to pull one tooth, as you instructed, but an

Fools. There's the fool who dares and the fool who fears And the fool with the busy tongue; There's the fool who is staggering under

"I don't want to rob you. You have given me \$48 too much. I left \$550 with you orig-inally and afterwards drew out \$50, so I And the fool who is very young. There are fools for love and fools for pelf. me \$18."

"Oh, no," replied the secretary, "you asked for \$50, but I gave you only \$2."

"Is that so?" said Jack. "Well, I never knew the difference. And, do you know," he added, as an afterthought, "I had just as good a time with that \$2 as I could have had Fools that are low and fools that are high. But the worst is the fool who spites him-

To make some other sigh. -Chicago Record-Herald. Money and Microbes.

The ordinary mortal recoiled in horror. "There are microbes in money!" shricked "And vice versa!" remarked the medical man, to himself, for it was by no means lost upon him that his worldly prosperity

grew, pari passu, as the germ theory im-pressed itself the more deeply upon the popular fancy.—Detroit Journal. Stands Long Usage. Hicks: "How did you like that joke I told Snicks: "First rate, first-rate! I always did like that joke."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Gaswell: "The Czar of Russia now has four daughters.

Mr. Gaswell: "Oh, the dear little Czar-dineel"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

by a charitable family to be fed and clothed and educated in a proper way was being discussed with some visitors. Forgetting that the child was present, his benefactor that the squalld home that he came Davilme Visions. Three visions inspire him 'mid life's busi-

ness whirl-his laundress, his landlady and one dear girl.-Detroit Free Press, Love All. Love all, trust few. Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use; and keep thy

friend Under thy own life's key; be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.
—Shakespeare.

Our Language.
"What did you say the sinking fund was for?" asked the new director of the treas-"To meet the floating debt," replied the latter.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

We contemplated the alcoholic wreck with unmingled pity.
"A sinking ship, indeed!" we exclaimed. "But the rats do not leave me!" shrieked the fellow, gesturing wildly.
We extended to him the helping hand, of course, but he shrank away mistaking this for a pink elephant.—Detroit Journal.

"Do you remember that schoolma'am that I was so much mashed on when we went to chool together down at the Forks?"
"Yep. Where is she now?" "I left her at home half an hour ago."
"Then you married her after all?" "Not much I didn't. She married my

youngest boy!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Under the spreading chestnut tree The well-filled baskets stand; Containing chicken, ples and things-The work of Bridget's hand, and way off in the distance there's

A blaring country band. Dick battles with a bumble beer And Bob, with youthful zest, Falls from the lofty chestnut tree And papa and the rest

Proceed to eat the lunch upon A yellow-jacket's nest! III. The gentle rainstorm rolls around And when the day is late And turn inside the gate
And the in bed and wonder just
How many ants they ate.

—India polis Sun. They homeward wend their weary ways



SO THAT HE COULDN'T EAT IT. Dolly: "Is your teef good, grandpa?"
Grandpa "My dear, no! Why?"
Dolly: "Cos I want you to mind my apple for me for a minute."



trying to keep 'isself in the pictor!"-

-George Meredith

Guest: "See here! This steak is almighty small!"

Waiter: "It is rather small, sir, that's a fact! But you'll find that it'll last as long, till you're through eating

It, as a larger one!"—Heitere Welt.